

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—UNSIGNED.

For an instant neither of them spoke; then Richard Wolferston closed the door behind him and walked up to the davenport.

All Janet's courage had deserted her. In an inscrutable yet irresistible manner, it seemed as if she were the criminal, and Richard the person sinned against, and yet in her heart she still believed him guilty.

No. 1009.—APRIL 29, 1871.

"Miss Wolferston," he said, sarcastically, "would it not have been easier to come in here by the door than by the window?—rather more in keeping, too, with the extreme respectability of the Wolferstons of Rookstone?"

He waited, but she could not answer. A weaker woman would have got rid of some of her alarm in words or tears, but Janet sat trying to collect her scattered wits before she spoke.

"I keep this room locked up," he said, quietly, "because I have never yet had time to examine your

father's papers. It would have been better in all ways if you had mentioned your wish to look through them with me." He glanced at the parchments before her. "As it is," he spoke faster and more roughly, "I consider your behaviour unjustifiable. Do you know that if you were not my wife's sister, I should feel myself tempted to give you in custody?"

It seemed to Janet that this anger was assumed, that he was seeking to make her quarrel with him.

"Would you have given me the key of this study if I had asked for it? If you would have done this, you will not refuse to give me this will."

She fixed her eyes on his face, and she fancied that he grew paler, but the light was so indistinct that she could not be sure.

He came still closer, and took up the roll and opened it. "This," he said, when he had examined it for some minutes—"is this the only one you have found? Surely there must be several others? You know, of course, as well as I do the mania that possessed your father latterly respecting wills. I fully expected him to die without executing one of the numerous forms he caused to be drawn up. Why should I give you this? it can serve no purpose. I imagine you have satisfied yourself that it is neither signed nor witnessed?"

"It is not, and yet"—she spoke sternly, for she felt that there could be no longer the disguise of even outward civility between herself and Richard—"I believe this to be my father's genuine will, and that by which you hold possession here, a fabrication."

He pressed his lips tightly together. Her boldness had taken him by surprise. Was it not enough to find her at this time of night forcing a secret entrance into his house like a burglar?—and instead of confusion and terror, she carried her insolence so far as to accuse him.

"If I answered you as you deserve to be answered," he said, "I should at once tell you to leave the house; but you are Mary's sister, and are therefore protected from my just anger. I hope and expect you will quit Rookstone to-morrow. I will account to Mary for your sudden departure. As to your accusation, you may, perhaps, regret your strange behaviour, if I swear to you by all you hold most sacred that your father's signature and those of the witnesses are as genuine as that he was your father. Take them, test them as you will in any court of justice, and you will only find yourself convicted of most unjust accusation and unfounded suspicion."

Almost the same words Mr. Painsong had used. Janet's head seemed to spin round as she vainly tried to see light in this dark riddle; if Richard were indeed guiltless, what was she? Could it be possible that, trained as she had been, her heart was yet so evil as to have begotten and nourished this black suspicion against an innocent man?

Scales fell from her eyes. It had then been her father's habit to make and remake his will, and her mother had been led into the same error as she had been by the sight of the same document.

To Janet it was impossible to persist in error an instant after she saw it to be error. This first doubt of her own judgment reawakened the better nature which had been slumbering, and she felt impelled to atone at once for her wrong-doing. She was not convinced, but it seemed to her that she ought to be—that she had allowed herself to judge wilfully.

"I have been wrong in suspecting you secretly," she said; "I ought to have told you my doubts

openly; I cannot wonder at your anger. I shall certainly leave Rookstone to-morrow." She paused a moment; the expression of his face puzzled her, it was so set and hard. She began to see that Richard Wolferston was not a person to be offended with impunity. "You will not say anything to Mary, neither shall I; she need never know I have doubted you."

He made no answer, except by opening the door for her to leave the study. As she passed him he said, abruptly,—

"You had better go at once to your room. I will explain your absence to the wretched old woman you have chosen to confide in." Then seeing she was about to remonstrate, he spoke more harshly.

"Miss Wolferston, I must be master in my own house; you have given scandal enough for one night. You are too young to know the serious injury that might result if this childish attempt of yours got talked about among the servants. I cannot allow you to hold any further intercourse with that woman Robbins; if you persist in resistance, I shall take some means of getting rid of her."

Something in his tone made Janet suspect that she had been watched; she felt powerless to strive against his will, and she went up-stairs.

Richard stood watching her till she disappeared into the gallery, then he went back into the saloon down the terrace steps, and in another minute stood below the study window. He had moved so quietly that Kitty had not known of his approach till he was close beside her and the steps.

"Now, Mrs. Robbins"—he could scarcely distinguish her in the darkness, but he spoke as assuredly as if he could see the sudden terror that had seized her—"take yourself off as fast as possible; you are a mischief-making old vagabond, and if it were not for Mrs. Wolferston you should find yourself in Staple-cross Jail before morning. Let me find you trespassing near the house again, and you leave Rookstone."

"There be two words wanted to that ere, squaire. I be no tenant o' yourn, and 'ee knows I beant; 'ee may keep I out o' the park, but 'ee can't turn I out o' the lodge, try as 'ee will."

"I'll have you transported for to-night's work if you say another word," he said, furiously.

Kitty hobbled away, though when she was, as she thought, at safe distance, she called out, "Good-night to ye; maybe ye'll carry them steps away; them 'ull tell tales to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—CAPTAIN WENLOCK TAKES A RESOLUTION.
Mrs. Webb's feelings, both as a woman and a mother, were outraged by Janet's sudden return. It was against all precedent, to her well-regulated mind, for young ladies to fly about the country like birds, giving no hint of when they might be expected; and besides this, she had planned an excursion to the Crystal Palace with Henry Wenlock and Louisa; he had promised to come this evening and settle it, and at luncheon who should make her appearance but Janet Wolferston. Mrs. Webb met Janet with outstretched arms, and a succession of small bird-like kisses. How pale and strange the girl looked.

"I wonder if there ever was insanity in the family," thought Mrs. Webb. "I must consult her Aunt Dawson, and I really think I ought to give a hint to Henry Wenlock."

Something more than Janet's changed looks puzzled her observant cousin—those small, hard, black eyes were taking in every word and gesture while the girl sat in the dining-room.

Janet was so much gentler—Mrs. Webb could almost have said so much better-behaved; so much more humble would have been nearer the mark.

In the long night that had followed her interview with her brother-in-law, Janet had not slept: her self-reproach, her deep heartfelt contrition, had been too keen, too overpowering. Like a lightning flash had come the revelation showing her the pride and self-confidence which she had mistaken for a high and noble purpose.

When such revelations come, and in mercy they are sent to some of us, reason seems almost to totter, while the mask that has so ingeniously aped the face of truth falls off, and as it falls shrivels into the nothingness it is.

All Mrs. Webb's little satirical sillinesses, once so stinging and offensive, fell unheeded on Janet's ear, or if heard were accepted as a deserved humiliation for her own overweening pride. Before she left Rookstone she had written to Mr. Painsong, asking him to see her at ten o'clock next morning.

"I will tell him all," she said, as she dressed for dinner; "it is only just to Richard to say that the will my dear mother saw was not signed; then if Mr. Painsong says I am to dismiss all doubts, I will try hard to do so. I do not believe Richard guilty of forgery; but it is still impossible to me to think that he did not use his influence unfairly."

She felt that her mind must be made up one way or the other before she saw Henry again: it was so very hard to keep this secret from him, and yet her mother's prohibition had been urgent. If Mr. Painsong told her that her father had really had the mania for making and remaking his will which Richard had asserted, it would lessen her doubts of her brother-in-law.

"If Henry is to be his brother too," she ended, "why should I prejudice him still further against Richard by speaking of last night's work? I wish ten o'clock to-morrow were here."

She went down-stairs. Henry was in the drawing-room talking to Louisa Webb. Janet's surprise at seeing him gave her manner an increase of restraint.

Ever since the evening of Mrs. Webb's dinner-party, Wenlock had been disturbed and restless. He thought that to ask an explanation in writing of Janet's reserve and mysterious ways would be to increase the barrier which, ever since her mother's death, had come between them—a barrier more keenly felt by himself than by Janet, for, as we have seen, her mind had been filled with the detection of Richard's guilt, to the exclusion of all else. Henry had determined the next time they met to make an appeal to her to restore the confidence which had once existed between them.

Louisa giggled when Janet came in.

"Mamma would not let me tell you he was coming," she said. "I suppose she thought you would enjoy the surprise of seeing Henry;" then, in a loud whisper to Janet, "So sorry, dear, the dinner-bell is just going to ring—no use in my running away, you know."

At dinner-time, as Henry Wenlock listened to Mrs. Webb's sillinesses, most of them on the topic of her own valuable qualities, or covert censure of some of her neighbours, it suddenly came into his mind that

here might lie the secret of Janet's absent, changed manner.

She might be unhappy with this foolish, spiteful woman. "All silly women are spiteful to those of more intellect than themselves. It is the old story of the Fox and the Grapes; and Janet is disgusted, too, with that assumptive fellow Webb's pomposity. Who on earth cares where his mutton was bred and his Burgundy grown. I hate to be told the history of all I eat and drink: if it were not for Janet, I'd never dine with the fellow again."

Just as the ladies were rising to go up-stairs, the visit to the Crystal Palace was proposed to Janet by Louisa.

"I am very sorry, thank you, but I have a business engagement to-morrow."

No one answered, but Mrs. Webb gave Henry a significant and pitying glance.

"Only another reason," he thought, "for speaking to Janet at once. She shall not expose herself to that detestable woman's remarks and suspicions. Surely she would be happier in ever so humble a home of her own than in this family."

When he reached the drawing-room Louisa was lounging in an easy-chair, in a lackadaisical fashion; her mother was pacing up and down the room, evidently restless and uneasy.

Henry knew that Janet had a private sitting-room, and he felt strongly inclined to ask if he could not have a few minutes talk with her there; but before he could speak Mr. Webb asked where Mrs. Dawson was.

"Mrs. Dawson—I don't know what you mean, John."

"Why, there was a ring: wasn't that Mrs. Dawson who arrived just now?"

Mrs. Webb's eyes looked brighter and harder than ever, as she took a quick glance at Captain Wenlock to see if he were listening.

"Oh dear, no!" with a slight toss of the head; "it was a visitor for Janet: a gentleman."

"A gentleman—what gentleman?" the words came from Henry before he knew what he was saying.

"Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell." Mrs. Webb gave her irritating little laugh. "Janet is so fond of secrets, you know; but"—an involuntary movement of Captain Wenlock's made her look at him—"don't look like that, pray, or I shall be in terror of some melodramatic scene taking place, and you know it's only my fun; nothing at all to wonder about, if dear Janet were only a little more communicative."

"Who is it?" Even Mr. Webb had grown sufficiently inquisitive to be impatient.

"Dear me, John, why only old Mr. Painsong; but Janet took him off to her own room in such a stage-struck, mysterious manner, that I think she deserves a little teasing."

She spoke to her husband, but she kept her eyes on Henry Wenlock. He pulled his moustache as if he meant to root it out. He was too angry to speak. How could Janet expose herself to the ridicule of her empty-headed cousin by such absurdity? Why could she not have told him she expected the old lawyer?—and then an angry flush rose on his forehead. Janet had not thought fit to apprise him of her return; but she must have written to Mr. Painsong, or how would he have known it.

Half an hour passed, and Janet did not appear.

Wenlock felt strongly tempted to send up a message to her room, but he shrank from Mrs. Webb's ridicule. If he could have heard the words that were being spoken up-stairs he would not have waited so patiently.

Mr. Paison was obliged to leave town for some days early the following morning, so he could not keep his appointment, and Janet's note was so urgent that he had been unwilling to keep her in suspense till his return, he had therefore come to see her this evening. He listened attentively to her story. When she had ended, he blamed her for taking old Kitty into counsel.

"Now," he said, "I suppose you want my opinion. I will give it to you on one condition, that you do not breathe a word of this business to any one."

"I only wish to tell Captain Wenlock," she said. "I think he ought to know."

Mr. Paison shrugged his shoulders, and looked irritable. It was one of the blemishes on his favourite's good sense, he thought, that she should have cast in her lot with an impetuous hair-brained fellow like Wenlock, just because he happened to be six feet high.

"Decidedly, no; the very last man in the world to confide in. What I mean, my dear child, is"—for Janet's face warned him of his imprudence—"that Captain Wenlock is not likely to be impartial in the matter; his feelings must naturally get the better of his judgment, and would urge him to take the very reverse line of action to that which I would suggest to you."

"Action; but it seems to be that there is nothing to be done."

"If you will promise to be guided by me, I'll tell you what I think about it," he answered. "It seems to me that there is much more hope of recovery for your little brother than I thought; but unless you promise not to open your lips to any one on the subject, I must decline to say more."

She hesitated; the old lawyer looked at his watch, as if he was in a hurry to leave her. "After all," she thought, "this time I am not seeking to guide myself, and the mystery must come to an end if open measures are adopted against Richard; it is only my own comfort with Henry that I sacrifice."

She gave the required promise, and then Mr. Paison spoke. The point that struck him was Richard Wolferston's assertion that the late squire had a mania for drawing up wills. This, he said, was entirely false; he had often urged his dear friend to make a will, and he had invariably excused himself; he did not believe that, in the short time that had elapsed since he gave up the management of the property, a habit of this kind would have become fixed.

He asked Janet if she could remember the date of the will in the study.

"I do not remember taking it in distinctly at the time; you know I was still reading the will when he came in; but it seems to be a fixed idea with me now that it was dated May 25th."

"May 25th! Miss Janet, you must be positive; surely, if you tax your memory, you can be; if the will you saw was really dated May 25th, I feel nearly sure that it contains your father's real intentions. Now think; take as long as you like, only be positive."

He took a book from the table, put on his spectacles, and affected to read it diligently.

Janet held her forehead with both hands, trying to concentrate thought on the events of the previous night; it seemed to her that she had seen May 25th, but Mr. Paison's words had attached so much weight to her answer, that she dared not feel sure. Suddenly a new idea occurred to her.

"Is that the date of the will that has been proved?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Paison, gravely. "Now don't be like any other woman, and run away with the notion that it's all plain sailing, and that you have the clue in your hand; you have no proof against your cousin, remember; simply, the only notion I have is that his keeping this unsigned will—in the event of his having exercised undue influence in persuading your father to make another, for this is all I fancy he has done, my dear child—I say the very circumstance of his keeping it shows that he has some conscience left, and if Christy outlives him, I should not be at all surprised at your cousin willing Rookstone back to him again. Let us see, is this baby a boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

"That's unlucky; however, it may not live. Don't look so shocked, my dear young lady; I only mean to tell you that all you have to hope for is from Richard Wolferston himself, and that any threat, or any attempt to make your doubts public, will only cause a family feud, and probably hinder your brother's chance of restitution. Now I must say good-night."

Janet followed him down-stairs, perplexed and heavy-hearted. What could she say to Henry to explain her conduct? and how would it be possible to be happy, and at her ease with him, burdened with this secret, which might have to be kept for years?

ASK FOR REFERENCES.

In the interest of young traders and manufacturers, and especially of the latter, as well as for the information of the general reader, we wish to say a few words in regard to a system of secret swindling, of which but little is heard, and to which a number of unsuspecting persons have been made the victims—while it is known to be spreading in various directions. In London, Liverpool, Manchester, and elsewhere in England, as also in certain ports on the Continent, there exists a class of scoundrels who manage the perpetration of large frauds by a method, the very simplicity of which is likely to shield the perpetrators from suspicion. The mode of operation is as follows:—

The swindlers, who generally work in couples or companionships, assume some well-sounding title, and engage offices and warehouses in some central place of business. They date their communications from hence, and commence business by issuing orders for goods to such traders and manufacturers as they judge available for their purpose. No doubt their experiments often fail, but a single success will amply repay them. In the choice of subjects to experiment upon they display remarkable adroitness, generally choosing young men, or men but lately embarked in a calling which is new to them. Further, they mostly pitch upon persons residing at some considerable distance, for the obvious reason that in such cases inquiry is more expensive, more troublesome, and

therefore less likely to be rigorously instituted. We will suppose that Mr. Newcombe, a young man lately started in the north, after expending the bulk of his capital in preparing his premises and setting up his machinery, is anxious to see the first returns for his investments. He publishes his trade circulars, advertises in the local and the London newspapers, and takes all the means at his command for introducing his manufactures to the market. Such a beginner is the very pigeon the wholesale swindlers are anxious to pluck, and they make up their minds to pluck him accordingly. One fine morning the young manufacturer is gladdened by the receipt of a curt letter of business, wrapped in a broad envelope bearing the embossed trade insignia of Messrs. W— and M—, say, of Watling Street, and containing an order for goods to a considerable amount, if he can supply them, that is, at such-and-such rates. The terms proposed are not very liberal, but still they are such as will leave a margin of profit, while the very fact of such terms being proposed is itself an indication that the proposers are in the habit of doing an extensive business; and the young man is too glad of an opportunity for setting his machinery to work, to refuse the offer. Perhaps he writes to Messrs. W— and M— for further particulars, and very likely inquires what credit is expected by the gentlemen who have favoured him with their commands. In that case he gets a reply per return, stating that the custom of Messrs. W— and M— is to pay with short bills, say two or three months, on the receipt of the goods and invoices. Mr. Newcombe probably does not think of asking for a reference in such a case; he imagines that Messrs. W— and M— are a wealthy firm, and the rather hard bargain they have driven with him has prevented even the rise of suspicion in his mind. The order is, therefore, executed as soon as possible, the goods are duly despatched to London, and the payment for the same in the shape of a bill due in two or three months is punctually transmitted as agreed on. On the whole, it is not a bad stroke of business, thinks young Newcombe, and he would have no objection to such another. While in this mood he probably receives another letter, with a repetition of the same order, or one to twice the amount, with a polite request for its speedy execution and prompt transmission of the goods, on the ground that the demand for them is pressing and urgent at the present moment. Men and machines have now to work double tides, and all hands are busy night and day. Mr. Newcombe's neighbours think he is doing a roaring trade, and some of his rivals are a little jealous. When this second order is executed, and the goods are despatched, comes a little breathing-time, and perhaps Mr. N. indulges in a brief holiday to recreate himself after weeks of working by day and night.

In course of time the first bill becomes due, and now, the reader is thinking, the bubble bursts, and poor Newcombe goes at once to the bad. But in fact it is not always so. If the first bill be for a moderate amount, and there be a tolerable certainty of getting a swingeing order executed before the second bill is payable, it will suit the experimenters to take up the first and defer the explosion until more goods are obtained, and a second bill has to be met. In that case the loss to Mr. Newcombe will be much greater. When the bills are dishonoured—returned to the indorser with the fatal inscription, "No effects"

—he cannot tell what to make of it—comforts himself, perhaps, at first, with the idea of some unaccountable mistake which will soon clear itself. Of course he writes immediately to Messrs. W— and M—, and of course he gets no reply; and now, his suspicions being at length fully aroused, he runs express up to London to make investigations into the matter. Here his worst fears are realised. True, he has no difficulty in finding the place of business—the office of the so-called firm with which he has been in correspondence. But the office is some small upstairs room in a house crowded with offices, and said room has been for days past shut up, having a letter-box outside the door into which communications can be dropped. But not a soul belonging to the office is to be met with, and all inquiries among the tenants of the chambers around, above, and below elicit only the unwelcome facts that Messrs. W— and M— are unknown to them—that the firm has been generally represented there by a rather seedy-looking lad of some seventeen, who seemed to have little to do beyond searching the letter-box, of which he kept the key, fetching his daily dinner from the cook-shop, and occasionally cooling himself on the stairs, where he was given to leaning contemplatively over the banisters, and sucking at a short pipe. When the landlord is appealed to, it is found that in connection with the office there is an underground cellar or warehouse for the reception of goods, also let to Messrs. W— and M—; but that receptacle is known to be at present empty, the contents having but lately been removed in a couple of huge vans, but whether no one, unfortunately, is able to say. The landlord can give no information as to the private residence of his vanished tenants, and would himself be glad to be enlightened on that subject, seeing that there are two quarters' rent due, and a third quarter running on, while all that he has received is a trifling deposit made when the premises were hired.

The miserable truth soon comes to light, and it may be summed up in the simple statement that the swindlers have successfully plucked their pigeon. Poor Newcombe finds himself done on the wholesale principle. In vain he looks around for redress. He can hardly put the police upon the track of the villains, especially, as not unfrequently happens, if he has never seen their faces; he feels that people are right who tell him it is no use to "throw good money after bad," and he is fain to go back to the north a sadder but a wiser man. Let no one suppose that this is but an imaginary case; it is but a plain recital of a single experience, to which we might append several others, with the names of the suffering parties, were it incumbent on us so to do.

Of course, cases of this kind vary much in detail. The parties often come face to face, and business is carried on with a show of conviviality and openness that is quite refreshing to witness and participate; and the explosion, and the incidents which lead to it, may be so managed that the swindlers shall be in a condition to defy the law, even after the fullest exposure. In adroit hands the game is sometimes so cleverly played as to make the players responsible only for certain debts, and even to saddle the debts upon some un-cometatable individual, who is, perhaps, nothing more than a myth.

It may be supposed that a fraud such as is above described might be easily avoided were the intended victim to require references before doing business.

But there are not wanting, in London and elsewhere, persons who serve as references, for a consideration, and who will answer any inquiries favourably, if it is made worth their while to do so. These purchasable referees know what they are about, and while zealously furthering the purposes of their scoundrel clients, never commit themselves to any legal responsibility.

Now and then the wholesale swindlers overstep the line of safety, and, falling into the hands of the police, get locked up for a time; but they will start again under new names as soon as released, better qualified than ever for the successful prosecution of their plans. We are not aware of a single instance in which these birds of prey have been compelled to make restitution.

NATURAL HISTORY GOSSIP.

BY J. K. LORD, F.Z.S.

THE GARDENER'S FRIENDS AND FOES.

EARLY in January this present year, while the ground was covered with snow, the windows arabesqued with all the fairy tracery of frost, and a bitter cold wind, moaning dismally, hurried on its way, I found on the apple and plum trees in my garden, by the aid of a lighted lantern, several delicate little moths perched on the leafless branches.

This frail little creature, destined to make its appearance at a period of the year when nearly all kinds of insect life has completely disappeared, has been most aptly named the "Winter Moth," its scientific name being *Chinatobia brumata*. As this insect happens to be one of the gardener's greatest pests, it may be interesting and profitable to give a few details about its general habits and history.

The male moth may be easily discovered in December and January, sitting upon the branches of the trees, with its wings folded close together after the manner of a butterfly, a habit, by the way, not at all common with moths in general. It is by no means a showy moth, and the colour of the fore wings may be described as of a greyish brown, overspread with an ochreous shade. Several wavy bands of a darker tint cross the wings transversely; the hinder wings are altogether paler, and but very faintly marked. The female has only the rudiments of wings, and hence she can but creep about upon the trunks or branches of the trees, while her lord is able to frisk and fit from tree to tree, and flirt to his heart's desire; hence madam must perforce content herself with a stay-at-home life, and we shall see by-and-by that it is a very fortunate thing for the cultivators of fruit-trees that the females of the "Winter Moth" are thus deprived of the power of flight. It may be as well to observe that the entire group of moths designated "Winter Moths" has females which are either entirely wingless, or the wings are in such an extremely rudimentary condition as to be utterly useless for the purposes of flight.

Another very marked peculiarity, as I have already said, in the Winter Moth (*brumata*) is that it sits at night on the trunks and branches of the trees with its wings folded up over its body, just as a butterfly shuts its wings when resting upon a flower. The female of the Winter Moth deposits her eggs generally in the month of December, choosing as fitting places for

them crevices in the bark of apple, pear, and other trees. The eggs are very minute, and of a white tint when first extruded; but in some little time they assume an orange hue, being finally dark brown. With the first genial and sunny days of spring, and about the period when the leaves of the tree upon which the eggs are laid are about to burst from the bud, the little caterpillars make their appearance. They are tiny fellows, and their custom often is to suspend themselves by silken ropes from the branches, and by the aid of the wind they thus get distributed amongst the branches. No sooner does the young caterpillar find a suitable bud than it at once commences to cut its way into the very heart of it, and where any number happen to be congregated upon a tree the result is frequently the complete defoliation of every spray. During their sojourn in the buds, the birds are diligent in their search after these depredators; and when the bullfinches or titmice are blamed as destroyers, and too often shot for picking off the young green buds from the trees, depend upon it they are doing the gardener in particular and the public in general a signal service, by ferreting out the larvae of the Winter Moths and devouring them. I doubt not the birds now and then take toll of the buds in which there are no caterpillars; but the good they effect by destroying these most destructive foes immensely counterbalances any harm they otherwise do. As the caterpillar increases in size, and the leaves expand, it adopts another mode of life, and makes itself a tent by drawing three or four leaves towards each other by means of its silken thread, and with it fixing them securely together. In this quaint kind of residence the caterpillar takes up its abode, and leads a sort of Diogenes' life, coming out only to satisfy hunger, and going back again to sleep away the rest of its time. Its mode of progression is worthy of note. Just take the trouble to watch the very pretty striped caterpillar as it makes its way towards the tent-like dwelling-place. First of all the body is stretched to its full length; now, having got a firm grip of the branch with the front legs, the hinder legs are brought up nearly to touch them, the body as a consequence becoming looped, or, to use a familiar simile, becomes like the letter U inverted: the front legs are this time again advanced, the caterpillar holding fast by the hind legs the while, then the hind legs are released, and follow as previously described, the body each time being bent into the shape of the letter U reversed. In this system of progression the caterpillar, to all appearance, is measuring the space it traverses, for which reason it has been styled a "geometer" or "looper."

We have in England a very extensive group of moths, the caterpillars of which all have this eccentric kind of walk. If we pause awhile to consider, having discovered the leafy home, before we revengefully crush the "geometer," its inhabitant, into a pulp by squeezing together the walls of its house, we shall find that this tent-making habit is a wisely-ordered provision of the beneficent Creator, by which the helpless inmate has been taught to shield itself against its numerous foes. Neither is this tent-making habit confined to the "geometers;" the "Tortrices," or, as they are more commonly called, "leaf-rollers," roll the leaves of trees or shrubs into regular tubes, open at the ends, and it is a remarkable example of instinctive care, as displayed in the construction of these different kinds of leaf-dwellings, that they are

invariably made open at either end, so that a ready means of escape is provided in case of danger.

I dare say most of my readers have observed some of the leaves of the rose bushes in their gardens twisted into a cylindrical form, and, out of mere curiosity or for revenge, have burst open a rolled leaf to find and crush the "ugly little wretch" which had dared so to disfigure the pet bushes. The depredator, let me tell you, is a "Tortrix," and, as you may judge, of most active habits by the way it wriggles and jerks its body about when taken from out its leaf-house, and you would be disposed to say, the "leaf-roller" was of an irritable temper, and in a towering passion at being disturbed during his siesta. Although it is anything but difficult for you, kind reader, or the gardener either, to catch Tortrix napping, it is by no means so easy for a hungry bird to take him by surprise; a half-famished tit, for example, or some other insect-hunting bird, which had gone to roost supperless, and was anxiously on the look-out for its breakfast, espies the rolled-up leaf, and knows instinctively that in all likelihood a deliciously fat grub is concealed inside; down the bird swoops upon the bush, and at once inserts the nipper-like beak into one end of the tube, his mouth, figuratively speaking, actually watering in anticipation of the dainty morsel that is about to slide down his throat. Wait a bit: Mr. Tortrix is wide awake, and not to be taken unawares by Tom Tit, Esquire; so deftly he wriggles out at the other end of the cylinder, suspends himself and swings like an acrobat by a silken thread. The bird is of course bothered at the sudden disappearance of his breakfast, and, finding further search only so much waste of time, sets out again in quest of another chance; Tortrix, when his persecutor has flown away, simply climbs up by his rope, crawls into his tube, and, if grubs ever do indulge in a laugh, I dare say has a right good chuckle over his crafty escape.

Another peculiarity of the Tortrices is, that they devour the leaf rolled round them. The caterpillar of the green-oak moth (*Tortrix viridana*) literally devours three or four houses from over its head during its period of existence. One member of the group of winter moths is so very destructive to all kinds of trees, especially the oak, very frequently completely stripping a clump of trees of every leaf, that it has been aptly named *Hybernia defoliaria*—"Hybernia," because it is one of the group of winter moths, and "*defoliaria*" from the devastating habit the caterpillars have, when in great numbers, of stripping the branches clear of all leafage. But we must return to our enemy (*C. brumata*): about the middle of June the caterpillars are full fed, and then they descend from the trees, bury themselves in the rubbish at the roots, and change into pupæ, in which condition they remain until November and December, at which time the moths make their appearance.

It may now be reasonably asked by those who have gardens containing fruit trees, what can be done to put an effectual stop to the ravages of the terribly destructive grubs the larvae of the "Winter Moth"?

In reply I say prevention is better, or at any rate easier, than cure. As the female moths are destitute of wings, as a matter of course, they are only able to crawl up the trunks of the trees; and if they are prevented, by whatever means, from ascending the tree, they must deposit their cargo of eggs elsewhere, or perish without depositing them at all. Hence, to stop the female moths from crawling up into the

trees, various plans have been tried, and perhaps the best of them is that of painting a broad ring round the tree trunk with some sticky material (coal tar answers admirably) about the time the moths make their appearance. This forms a barrier over which the apterous or wingless female cannot make her way.

But supposing the eggs have been laid, and the grubs are hatched out, the only plan then is to beat them with a stick from out the branches, and destroy all that fall to the ground by trampling them underfoot, or burning them with lighted straw. Digging round the base of the trees in the hope of finding and destroying the pupa has been resorted to, but with no very effective results. If the gardener will only take the trouble, after dark, to examine his apple and pear trees by the aid of a good lantern in the month of December, he will find a goodly number of male and female moths quietly reposing upon the branches; and, having discovered his enemies, he can very easily dispatch them by a simple squeeze betwixt the finger and thumb. Having thus briefly pointed out the every-day doings of one of the gardener's most destructive winter foes, in a future paper I purpose to make my readers acquainted with some of the summer pests that ravage our fruits, flowers, and vegetables.

BORDEAUX.

A FRESH historical interest has of late clustered around this ancient city. After removing from Tours by pressure of war, the delegate French Government of National Defence found a refuge within its walls, and it became the meeting-place of the National Assembly, where the humiliating terms of peace, dictated by Germany, were discussed. Bordeaux is situated just above the head of the Gironde, or long estuary of the Garonne, and on the left bank of that river, about seventy miles from the sea. Of the seaports of France it ranks third in importance, and has a population of nearly 200,000. It is the capital of the present department of the Gironde, as it was of the former province of Guienne. A magnificent bridge of seventeen arches—the finest bridge in France—joins the city to the suburb La Bastide on the right bank of the river. The view of Bordeaux from this bridge is very fine. Opposite, at the entrance of the town, is the Porte de Bourgogne, built to commemorate the birth of the grandson of Louis xvi. Along the curve made by the Garonne extend a broad causeway and a line of quays above three miles in length; and behind these a crescent of beautiful houses and stores, built of cut stones, in varied architecture; while in the background spring up the numerous towers and spires of the churches and other public buildings of the city. No city in Europe can display a more splendid waterfront than Bordeaux. Below the bridge the river increases to 800 yards in width, forming a large and safe harbour, capable of containing 1,200 ships, and with from nineteen to thirty-nine feet of water at high-tides. The river is crowded with shipping, and vessels of large tonnage can load and unload at all times close to the quays. Bordeaux consists of an ancient and modern town, separated from each other by the Rue Chapeau-Rouge, which running east and west forms, with the Rue de l'Intendance, one of the finest streets in Europe. To the south of this street lies the ancient and populous part of the

town, which consists of irregularly-built squares and narrow winding streets, where may be seen specimens of the high wooden houses of the fifteenth century. The northern part, where are the abodes of the principal merchants, contains well laid out and handsome streets, and many elegant buildings, and embraces the vast Quartier des Chartron, so called from the Carthusian convent which stood in it. The Quartier des Chartron was formerly a suburb cut off from the rest of the city by the Chateau Trompette, a citadel erected by Charles vii, and strengthened by Vauban in the time of Louis xiv. Some of the best streets and rows of houses, and the open Place des Quinconces, terminating at the river with two lofty rostral columns, occupy the site of the citadel which was dismantled by Louis xvi, and removed since the Restoration. It was while Vauban was completing the fortifications of Bordeaux, and to make place for his works, that very considerable remains of a most interesting Roman edifice were destroyed. Of this edifice no authentic record is preserved, save a slight sketch by Perrault, the architect of the great front of the Louvre, who delineated it a few years before it was sacrificed by the government. Perrault terms it one of the most magnificent and entire of the Roman monuments then remaining in France.

The only vestige now remaining of the Roman occupation of Bordeaux, is the ruin of the amphitheatre, called the Palais Gallien, supposed to have been built in the time of the Emperor Gallienus. When the Revolution broke out it was nearly entire; after that event, the materials of which it was built were used for erecting a mass of houses in the arena. The arena was of the usual elliptic form:—the major axis measuring 253 feet, and the minor axis 180 feet; the two gates at the extremity of the major axis are nearly entire; they are 30 feet high and 20 broad.

A distinguishing feature of Bordeaux is its Cours and its Places; the former are wide streets lined with rows of trees, which form shady avenues on each side, and run through several parts of the town; the Places are open spaces, surrounded by buildings; in shape some of them are square, some circular, and others are more like our parks than squares, being of large extent, laid out in walks and planted with trees. Bordeaux contains very many of these spaces, some of them embracing from 18 to 20 acres. The Place Tourny is at the junction of the Cours de Tourny and the Cours du Jardin Public; it is adorned with a fine statue of M. de Tourny, to whom Bordeaux is indebted for most of its modern improvements.

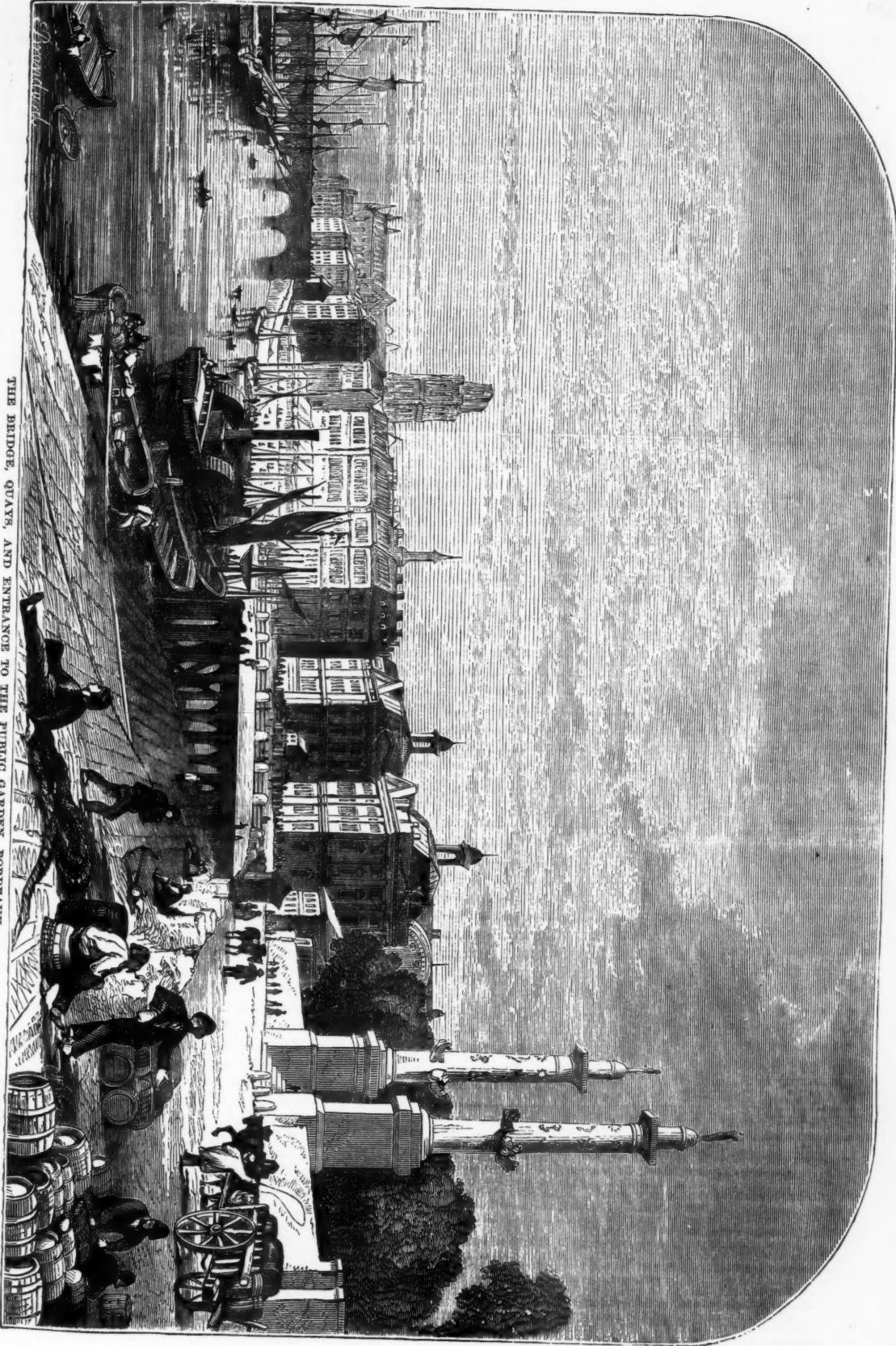
The city contains many beautiful churches. The ancient Gothic cathedral of St. André was built by the English in the 13th century, who held Bordeaux and a large tract of the south-west of France for nearly 300 years. It has two elegant spires, 150 feet high, at the end of the north transept. The interior is lighted through painted windows, and embellished with sculptures and bas-reliefs. A tower, called "La Tour Payberland," from Archbishop Pierre Berland, who built it in 1440, in height 200 feet, rises at the east end of the cathedral, but apart from it, and serves it for a bell-tower. It was converted into a shot-tower during the Revolution. Of the other churches, the most remarkable are those of St. Michel, built by the English in 1100; St. Croix, a building of the 10th century; and St. Seurin, a very old church, with rare Gothic ornaments. In the Chapelle of the Lycée Imperial, at the extremity of the Cours

Napoleon, is the monument of the celebrated Montaigne. Michel de Montaigne was born in the district of Perigord, which formed in his time one of the six divisions of the large province created by the English Plantagenet kings, under the name of Guienne. He was Mayor of Bordeaux in 1552, and when quite young attended the college of Guienne at Bordeaux. It is remarkable that at that time the learned Scotchman, George Buchanan, taught there as one of the professors.

Besides its advantageous position for foreign trade, Bordeaux has great facilities for internal traffic. By means of the Garonne, the Dordogne, and their affluents, its commerce is extended over a large part of France, and by the Canal du Midi it has communication with the Mediterranean, and is able to rival Marseilles. The railway system, besides, connects it with the country at large. The city was acquired by the English by the marriage of Eleanor of Guienne, in 1152, with Henry of Normandy, afterwards Henry ii of England. In the reign of Edward iii it was the residence of the Black Prince for eleven years. Here his son, Richard ii, was born, and surnamed Richard of Bordeaux. Here the Black Prince held a brilliant court, and received Don Pedro, with his two daughters, when driven from Spain. These daughters married at Bordeaux—the one John of Gaunt, the other the Earl of Cambridge. From Bordeaux the prince set out on his raid into the centre of France, which led to the battle of Poitiers.

The Bordelais regarded themselves as belonging to the English long after the downfall of our rule in the rest of France, in the reign of Henry vi. They revolted against the French King Charles vii, and received within their walls the valiant Talbot, in the year 1453, but his speedy defeat and death forced them to submit to the French monarchy.

Bordeaux was the scene of many cruelties against the Reformers in the religious wars of the seventeenth century. In the wars of the Fronde it opposed the Court party, and was twice blockaded. It was the seat of one of the provincial parliaments of France, or high courts of justice, composed of laymen and ecclesiastics, who registered the royal decrees. The parliament of Bordeaux, by refusing to register, gave an impulse to the Revolution. The department of Gironde sent to the Legislative Assembly a party of eloquent and able leaders, known as the Girondists. These men perished in the progress of the Revolution; and, during the Reign of Terror, many of the best citizens of Bordeaux suffered death by the guillotine, which was there erected. On the 8th of March, 1814, two divisions of the British army, under Marshal Beresford, marched upon Bordeaux, and a body of citizens, headed by the mayor, M. Lynch, advanced to meet the English troops, delivered to them the keys of the city, and hoisted the white flag of the Bourbons. In 1815, however, the city refused to support the Duchess of Angoulême, who wished to make a stand against Napoleon. Bordeaux gives title to an archbishop, whose see comprises the department of Gironde. It possesses several learned societies and educational institutions. Pre-eminent among its public edifices is the theatre, seated to hold 4,000 persons—a beautiful structure in the Corinthian style, and said to be the finest building of the kind in France. It was in this edifice that the sittings of the National Assembly were held, and in which assent was voted to the treaty which closed the war with Germany.



THE BRIDGE, QUAYS, AND ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BORDEAUX.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

INCIDENTAL NOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

V.—OCKLEY—TANHURST—LEITH HILL—WOTTON.

AT Ockley are two memorials and traces of beautiful sentiment, which have an interest far beyond the battle-ground of the Danes and the Saxons. It appears, from Aubrey, that it was anciently the custom here of betrothed lovers to plant rose-trees at the head of the grave of a devoted lover, should either party die before the wedding. "In the churchyard," he says, "are many red rose-trees,* planted among the graves, which have been there beyond man's memory." "This custom," observes Mr. Manning, "was doubtless derived from the Romans, who were much in this neighbourhood, and who, with the Greeks, considered it a religious duty, and often, in their wills, directed roses to be strewed and planted upon their graves."

There is still another trace of the Romans having been at Ockley. Rushlights, or candles with rush wicks, are of great antiquity; for we learn from Pliny that the Romans applied different kinds of rushes to a similar purpose. Aubrey, writing about 1673, says, at Ockley "the people draw peeled rushes through melted grease, which yields a sufficient light for ordinary use, is very cheap and useful, and burns long." This economical practice was common here till towards the close of the last century. The Rev. Gilbert White has devoted a letter, in his charming "Natural History of Selborne," to "this simple piece of domestic economy," which appears to have been common in the adjoining county of Hants.

Tanhurst, the pleasantly situated villa on the southern acclivity of Leith Hill, commanding a vast extent of country, has a melancholy interest. Here, in the intervals of public business, Sir Samuel Romilly passed his leisure hours during the last few years of his active life. He occupied the estate as a yearly tenant, having first taken it in 1812. Next year he resumed writing the narrative of his life, and in August he wrote thus affectionately of Lady Romilly: "For the last fifteen years my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives—a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue are united to the warmest affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld." (Memoirs, vol. i., p. 41.) Sir Samuel was at Tanhurst during the Easter holidays in 1814, at which time the rejoicings took place on account of the triumph of the Allies, and the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon. In his diary, Sir

* In the town of Dorking is Rose Hill, and in some accounts of the town it is stated to have had a rose-tree planted at each house-door, which I have not been able to verify. In the churchyard of Barnes, also in this county, in a recess between two buttresses, enclosed by wooden rails, a few rose-trees are cultivated, in pursuance of the will of Mr. Edward Rose, citizen of London, who died in July, 1653, and is buried here. He bequeathed to the parish the sum of £20 for the purchase of an acre of land, from the rent of which the paling of the enclosure is kept in repair, and a succession of rose bushes is maintained, the surplus fund being applied for the benefit of the poor.

† This work was published in three volumes, in 1840, and entitled, "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, written by Himself; with a Selection from his Correspondence. Edited by his Son." How lowly Romilly estimated himself may be gathered from the opening passage of the narrative of his early life:—"August 16, 1790. I sat down to write my life—the life of one who never achieved anything memorable; who will probably have no posterity, and the memory of whom is, therefore, likely to survive him only till the last of a few remaining and affectionate friends shall have followed him to the grave."

Samuel records, "From Leith Hill we saw, on Easter Tuesday [April 14], at night, the light of the illuminations of London, on account of the recent events at Paris."

Romilly's early friend, M. Dumont, in a letter found among his papers after his death, says:—"During twenty years no one enjoyed happiness surpassing his (Romilly's), and this of a kind to be described by him alone who felt it. Although his natural disposition was not without a tinge of melancholy, this had ceased at the moment of his marriage, and left only that serious turn of mind which gave weight to all his thoughts. I, who knew him from the age of two-and-twenty, could describe how visibly his flexible imagination dwelt upon the pleasures derived from the beauties of nature." How thoroughly he must have enjoyed these delights in the country about Tanhurst! One of his favourite resorts was the Deer Leap beechwood, which over-spreads the high ground at a short distance from Wotton Church.* In the narrative of his life Romilly frequently mentions Tanhurst with affection, and many of his letters are dated from here, in the wilds of Surrey, where his acts of benevolence shone forth. He was ever kind and charitable to his needy neighbours—the cottagers of the heath, the roadside, and the village green. I have a painful recollection of the deep sorrow around Tanhurst when the sad intelligence of the death of Lady Romilly and Sir Samuel was received in this district. Lady Romilly, who had long been a severe sufferer from ill-health, died in the night of the 29th of October, 1818. Sir Samuel, on the 2nd of November following, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his wife, in a paroxysm of insanity brought on by that severe shock falling upon a mind previously weakened and shattered by overburthening professional labours and anxieties, died by his own hand.†

I find in the "Life of Sir Samuel Romilly" the following instance of reverential feeling towards one to whom he was entrusted in his childhood:—"The servant was to me in the place of a mother: I loved her to adoration. I remember, when quite a child, kissing, unperceived by her, the clothes which she wore, and, when she once entertained a design of quitting our family and going to live with her own relations, receiving the news as that of the greatest misfortune that could befall me, and going up into my room in an agony of affliction, and imploring God, upon my knees, to avert so terrible a calamity."

In one of my rambles about Leith Hill I met a cottager who had assisted at the repair of the tower

* On this spot are evident vestiges of an ancient barrow, surrounded by a double ditch, the barrow being from the edge of the inner ditch, thirty paces diameter, and its height in the central part about twelve or fourteen feet. More remains were pointed out by the Hon. Mr. Boscowen, then rector of Wotton, to Mr. Brayley, who, in his trustworthy "History of Surrey," informs us that the site had not been noticed in any previous account of Surrey.

† Sir Samuel Romilly was sixty-one years of age, and he had attained the highest position, both in the courts of law and in Parliament. The charm of his beautiful nature won its way even where wide difference of political principle and sentiment might have been expected to create some prejudice against him. His death was acutely felt by Lord Eldon, before whom he had been for many years in daily and pre-eminent practice. "The Chancellor," it is related, "came into court next morning, obviously much affected. As he took his seat, he was struck by the sight of the vacant place within the bar, which Romilly was accustomed to occupy. His eyes filled with tears. 'I cannot stay here,' he exclaimed, and, rising in great agitation, broke up his court."

in 1796, and he informed me that it was formerly much resorted to during the summer, and that he had frequently seen between thirty and forty private carriages here in one day. Dr. Mantell, the eloquent geologist, has contributed to Brayley's "History of Surrey" "The Geological Structure of the Country seen from Leith Hill," where, in a favourable state of the atmosphere, and with a good telescope, may be seen the following distant places:—Windsor Castle; Butser Hill, Hants; High Clere, Hants; Ink Pen, Berks; Wendover, Bucks; Dunstable Downs, Bedfordshire; Hollingbourn, on the chalk hills of Kent, beyond Maidstone; Trettingfield, Kent; Westwell Downs, between Faversham and Ashford; Frant Church, Sussex; Crowborough Hill, Sussex (the greatest elevation of the forest ridge of the Wealden, 804 feet above the level of the sea); Hindhead, Surrey—an eminence of the sand-hills, being the western point of the chain which continues, with occasional interruption, from Leith Hill, Ditchling Beacon, Sussex, the highest point of the South Downs, 856 feet above the level of the sea.

"From this survey of the district," says Dr. Mantell, "we learn that its general configuration has resulted from a succession of physical changes in periods incalculably remote, and long antecedent to the creation of the human race; and that these verdant hills, these fertile plains, and these dales and valleys, clothed with luxuriant vegetation, the sites of villages, towns, and cities, inhabited by a population in the highest state of civilisation, are formed of the sediments of ancient seas and lakes, whose waters teemed with myriads of beings belonging to extinct genera and species; and of the spoils of countries which enjoyed a tropical climate, and were clothed with forests and groves of palms and tree-ferns, and inhabited by gigantic reptiles, whose races have long since been swept away from the face of the earth. . . . Ages of tranquillity, with lands and seas teeming with life, were succeeded by periods of turbulence and destruction, during which the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and ultimately converted into fertile islands and continents; and they teach the philosopher that all these changes were subservient to the eternal purpose, of rendering this planet the fit abode of man during his mortal pilgrimage."

The country around Leith Hill abounds with historic sites. Coldharbour makes claim to have been a British village, and Hanstiebury, an ancient entrenchment, also of British origin. Eastward is the Holmwood (Homewood, 13th and 14th centuries), and more anciently the wood of the Earls of Warren, but described in 1649 as one of the wastes of the manor of Dorking. The ground is greatly diversified with well-wooded heights, and has many pleasant abodes, a district chapel, etc. Defoe tells us that here were found "outlying red-deer, and in the days of James II, or while he was Duke of York, they have hunted the largest stags here that have been seen in England; and the Homewood was once famous for producing such quantities of strawberries that they were carried to market by horseloads. The descent from Hanstiebury is by Boar Hill, where, according to tradition, there were formerly wild boars;" so that, with its water-souchy, venison, boar-hams, and strawberries, this must have been a festive place of old.

Towards Dorking is a secluded valley, where, in 1740, a Dutch merchant, coming to Dorking to eat water-souchy (a dish then in fashion), strayed to this

retired spot, and, the account tells us, was so struck with its beauty, that he purchased the land, built a house from his own designs, and named it "Lonesome;" he resided here twenty-three years, doubtless enjoying the country, and the babbling *trout-stream*, yielding the water-souchy. The valley, skirted by well-wooded hills, has a cascade, formed by a streamlet, rising on the hill, which falls about sixty feet, over ledges of rock, into a marble basin. Other possessors of the estate changed the name to Filbrook Lodge, and then to Tillingbourne; but the fountain and fishing-hut remained.

The Rookery estate, in a narrow vale, is secluded, and more picturesque than Lonesome. It was purchased of Abraham Tucker, Esq., of Betchworth Castle, in 1759, by Mr. Daniel Malthus, who first took advantage of the beauties of hill and dale, wood and water, in this estate, to which he gave its present appellation: the residence was formerly an obscure farm-house, called Chertgate. Tucker may, in this retreat, have devoted himself to metaphysics and mathematics and melody in the beech groves of the Rookery (for he was an accomplished musician); he made but one attempt in politics, and failed; and, being satirised in a ludicrous ballad, he was so much amused with the figure he made in verse that he set the ballad to music—a very agreeable retaliation of ridicule. This was before he began his great work, "The Light of Nature Pursued," published under the fictitious name of "Edward Search." He was a student of fortune, but he always rose early in the morning to pursue his labours, and burned a lamp in his chamber for the purpose of lighting his own fire; but he passed much of his morning in reading, or some rural exercise. "My thoughts," says Tucker of himself, "have taken a turn, from my earliest youth, towards searching into the foundations of right and wrong; my love for retirement has furnished me with continued leisure, and the exercise of my reason has been my daily employment." His qualities of ingenuity and a rich quiet vein of humour, procured him the title of "a metaphysical Montaigne." He was, moreover, generally entertaining. He was a favourite author with Sir James Mackintosh. The late William Hazlitt abridged Tucker's great work, which is now out of print. Pass we next to another scholarly owner of the Rookery.

Mr. Malthus was a man of taste and learning, of good family and independent fortune, attached to a country life, of retired habits, and devoted to literary and philosophic pursuits. He was the translator of "The Sorrows of Werter," and the elegant story of "Paul and Virginia," published by Dodsley under the title of "Paul and Mary." By Mr. Malthus the Rookery had its natural beauties turned to the best account. The vale is enclosed with hanging hills; its lawn slopes to a fine pool of water, with its island overgrown with shrubs and exotics, fishing-house, boat-house, rude ice-house, and a small corn-mill; cragged precipices and retired glens, shaded by stately foliage, and abounding with delightful walks. The artistic embellishments, rustic temples, and grottoes bespoke Malthus's poetical taste. And through this charming estate is a public path, beside which I remember a temple, the façade consisting of a pediment supported by four columns covered with bark, so as to resemble the trunks of trees; the walls formed of laths fitted in with moss; and the front enclosed by a grotesque fence, formed of the limbs of trees nailed together. The purpose of the temple

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is conveyed in the following line from Virgil, inscribed over the door :—

"Pan curat oves, oriumque magistros."
"Pan, guardian of the sheep and shepherds too."

Another of these fantastic edifices was surmounted with a large root, in which, assisted by association, I recollect to have distinctly traced the head of Janus. At the Rookery was born, in 1766, the owner's second son, Thomas Robert Malthus, the celebrated political economist. He was sent but to one public school, and that for a very short time; but he was instructed by his father, by Robert Greaves, author of "The Spiritual Quixote," and afterwards by Gilbert Wakefield, with whom he remained till he was admitted to Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow; and, having taken orders, he entered upon the care of a small parish in Surrey. He wrote a pamphlet against Mr. Pitt's Government, but which, at the request of his father, he never published. In 1798 he published "An Essay on the Principles of Population, as it affects the future Improvement of Society," which excited considerable attention; but, finding that his facts and illustrations were imperfect, in 1799 he went abroad in search of materials to establish his theory more completely, travelling through Sweden, Norway, Finland, and part of Russia, and next through France and Switzerland, especially examining into the state of the people, and collecting materials for the improvement of his work; and in 1803 he published a new edition of his Essay. In 1806, or soon after, Mr. Malthus was appointed Professor of Modern History and Political Economy at the East India College, Haileybury, in Hertfordshire, which situation he held till his death, in 1834.

When a boy, and while at Cambridge, Malthus displayed a great love of fighting for fighting's sake, a keen perception of the ludicrous, much relish for wit and humour, and considerable comic power of imitation; but his character gradually changed. He retained, indeed, his cheerfulness and playfulness, but he became placid, temperately patient, and forbearing under the obloquy which was heaped upon him. His manners were kind and gentle; his conversation mild, but earnest and impressive; his deportment gentlemanly. I remember to have been told by a gentleman of good family, in Surrey—a neighbour of Mr. Malthus—that he was so fond of travelling that he was rarely at home for a month. Yet this is scarcely reconcileable with his professorship and his long list of eighteen published works. He died suddenly at Bath. To the above my informant added, that the *Essay on Population* (first published anonymously) was written by Malthus's father, and was found among his papers after his death. It is stated that the attention of Mr. Malthus had from an early age been directed to political economy, in which he was much stimulated by his conversations with his father; but this can hardly be regarded as sufficient warrant for doubting the authorship.

The chief historic house of this district is Wotton Place, situated in a valley, though really upon a part of Leit's Hill, and first erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Here, on October 30, 1620, was born John Evelyn—"Sylva Evelyn," as he is called, from the title of his valuable work on forest-trees. Having, on the death of his father, become his own master, he contemplated a life of studious seclusion, and actually commenced building at Wotton, at that period

the abode of his elder brother. The park is watered by a winding stream, and is backed by a magnificent range of beech woods, though birch has taken their place in many cases; but we trace to this day Evelyn's "hollies"—a *viretum* all the year round, and the noble planting of the author of "Sylva." With what rapture he describes the home as "large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods. It has rising grounds, meadows, and woods and waters in abundance. . . . I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not generally known to be amongst the most natural (until this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expenses), the most magnificent that England afforded, and which, indeed, gave one of the first examples of that elegance since so much in vogue, and followed in the management of their waters and other ornaments of that nature." Evelyn, writing in the troublous times of 1643, says, "Resolving to possess myself in some quiet, if it might be, in a time of so great jealousy, I built, by my brother's permission, a *study*, made a *fish-pond* and an *island*, and some other solitudes and retirements, at Wotton, which gave the first occasion to those water-works and gardens which afterwards succeeded them." When he left Sayes, to pass the remainder of his days at Wotton, he let the former estate, first to Admiral Benbow, and next to Czar Peter, to be near the king's dockyard, that he might learn shipbuilding; but the Czar and his retinue damaged his house and gardens to the extent of £150, in three weeks. A portion of the Victualling-yard now occupies the place of Evelyn's shady walks and trim hedges; on the site of the manor-house stands the parish workhouse of Deptford and Stroud; and an adjoining thoroughfare is named Evelyn Street.

Here I may note that, in 1664, Evelyn published the first "Gardener's Almanac," containing directions for the employment of each month. This was dedicated to Cowley, and drew from him an acknowledgment—one of his best pieces, entitled "The Garden," in the prefix to which he says, "I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always—that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate convenience joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and the study of nature."

But the woods of Wotton were doomed to devastation in the great storm of 1703, which Evelyn thus deplores:—"Methinks that I still hear, sure I am that I feel, the *dismal* groans of our forest, when that dreadful hurricane, happening on the 26th of November, 1703, subverted so many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them. Myself had 2,000 blown down, several of which, torn up by their fall, raised mounds of earth near twenty feet high, with great stones entangled among the roots and rubbish, and this almost within sight of my dwelling; now no more Wotton [Wood-town], stripped and naked, and almost ashamed to own its name." Notwithstanding these losses, Evelyn's brother would not depart from the hospitality of the old house, but, "more veterum, kept a Christmas, in which they had not fewer than 300 bumpkins every holiday."

Wotton, it is worth a pilgrimage to see: not that it is a show-house, for, though it was commenced building nearly three centuries ago, and the Evelyn family name kept up the house and enlarged it, there is little architectural uniformity to delight you; but it is nobly placed, backed by magnificent beech-woods, while the grounds were originally laid out by John Evelyn's own hand and hands, and of which he left a pen-and-ink sketch, dated 1653, and these trivial fond records of two centuries to interest the visitor. On my first visit (about 1817), the guide, a female servant, first led me to the library on the north side, built by the philosopher's son. The curious collection of books was considerably augmented by the late Lady Evelyn, who likewise had a catalogue of them arranged by Mr. Upcott, librarian of the London Institution. In addition to the printed works, here are several papers written by John Evelyn, and transcripts of letters, both received and sent; and among his MSS. is a Bible, bound in three volumes, the margins of the pages filled with closely written notes. Among many literary eccentricities, I found here two pamphlets—"An Apology for the Royal Party," and "The late News, or Message, from Brussels Unmasked," both of which were published by John Evelyn in 1659; and here, too, was the better-known "Fumifugium; or, the Means of ridding London of Smoke," which has yet been only partially put in practice. On inquiring for Kneller's portrait of Evelyn, the girl replied, "M'ap you mean *Sylvy* Evelyn, sir?" and accordingly led me to the drawing-room, where the picture was in excellent preservation: it was engraved for the "Diary," published in 1818, of which I have a few words to say. Some time before it appeared, there got into circulation the famous anecdote of the MS. of the Diary being discovered accidentally by Mr. Upcott, when at Wotton arranging the library, as related at page 588 of the "Leisure Hour" (September 1st, 1870). In the spring of 1823, when reprinting my maiden work, "A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking," I felt anxious to test the authenticity of the above anecdote, for which purpose I wrote to Mr. Upcott for that purpose, and received the following reply:—

London Institution, March 19, 1823.

SIR,—I am truly sorry that you should have to reproach me for an unanswered letter. My time latterly has been much taken up with our annual courses of lectures, which must plead some excuse for omitting to reply to your request earlier.

With respect to the *incorrect* anecdote of the discovery of the Evelyn MSS. much might be said, and if you could favour me with a call I could explain the circumstance correctly, and shall have much pleasure in doing so. The work for which you design it I am not sufficiently acquainted with, nor do I know in what way you propose to print the anecdote. It appeared originally in print *entirely without my knowledge or approbation*, and arose at a dinner-party, I suspect, with Mr. Dibdin at Kensington; but, for my part, I cannot see the necessity of reviving the story to the public in any other form than that in which it has already been given; yet, if you desire it, I will readily explain the circumstance whenever you favour me with a call.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient Servant,
WILLIAM UPCOTT.

To John Timbs, Esq.

Mr. Upcott's reply did not reach me in time to be of service, and I accordingly did not then reprint the questionable anecdote, respecting which I have been favoured with the following explanation from a correspondent of this journal:—"The statement respecting Evelyn's [Diary and] Memoirs, at page 588 of the September number of the 'Leisure Hour,' is cer-

tainly not accurate. It is not accurate as to the careless indifference of Lady Evelyn, nor is it probable that Mr. Molyneux, of Loreley, should adopt the housemaid's fashion of thread-paper. Lady Evelyn applied to Mr. Bray, who afterwards edited the Memoirs, to recommend some one to arrange the library and papers at Wotton, which, as appears by his preface, she much prized. He recommended Mr. Upcott, who was employed accordingly. After the death of Lady Evelyn and others who would have knowledge on the subject, Mr. Upcott produced some old letters and other papers, one being the paper found in Felton's hat after he shot (*sic*) the Duke of Buckingham, and said that Lady Evelyn had given them to him (Mr. Upcott). Her then representative (from whom I have these facts) was so satisfied that the statement of Mr. Upcott was not true, that he thought of taking legal proceedings against him; but want of legal evidence deterred him. Mr. Upcott might well be shy of the subject of the Evelyn Memoirs. John Evelyn married the daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Browne, the sheriff who had to carry the sentence of Felton into effect; which will account for the paper being in Evelyn's possession. The ultimate fate of the paper was singular. After Mr. Upcott's death, his collections were sold. The paper was in the catalogue; but before the sale it had disappeared: some one had stolen it."

To return to the Diary anecdote: I remember to have heard it related at Dorking, where it was currently believed.

Adjoining the pleasure-grounds at Wotton is a large inclosed flower-garden, which was to have formed one of the principal objects in John Evelyn's *Elysium Britannicum*. This idea was partly realised by Lady Evelyn, who, previous to her last illness, passed much of her time in her green-house.

Among the curiosities at Wotton was an oaken plank, "of prodigious amplitude," cut out of a tree which grew on the estate, and was felled by John Evelyn's grandfather's orders. Its dimensions, when "made a pastry-board" at Wotton, were more than five feet in breadth, nine feet and a half in length, and six inches in thickness; and it had been abated by one foot, to suit it to the size of the room wherein it was placed. An old table of a solid piece of beech, about six feet in diameter, is shown to this day.

When the Surrey Archaeological Society visited Wotton in June, 1857, upon the tables in the rooms, the present possessor of the estate, Mr. J. W. Evelyn, had kindly caused to be shown several relics of special historic interest, as the Prayer Book used by King Charles I on the scaffold; a pinch of the gunpowder laid by Guido Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators to blow up the Parliament House; a curious account, in John Evelyn's hand, of the mode in which Lord Chancellor Clarendon transacted business with his royal master; several letters of John Evelyn; and his account (recently found) of the expense of his building Milton Court, which occupied four years: the house remains to this day.

CO-OPERATIVE WORKING MEN.

A GREAT Labour Convention was held last year in the United States. Some subjects of practical usefulness were discussed, but a large share of the time was occupied with the idle and ignorant schemes of

men who like talk better than work, and the theory better than the practice of industrial progress. The following article appeared in the "Cincinnati Daily Gazette" at the time (Sep. 15th), and we quote it not only as containing some wholesome truths for the consideration of working men in this country, but as a specimen of the matter given in the leading articles of American newspapers out of New York.

"The Labour Convention descended a moment from the airy height of perfecting the condition of the labourer by using him for a political party, and by making money of paper, to resolve in favour of two things which seem to have a direct and practical bearing on the conditions of labour; these were eight hours for a day's work, and the co-operation of labourers to carry on business without the medium of the capitalist. Passing by for the present the eight-hour question with the general remark that we have an abiding faith that whatever is good for the labourer is good for the whole, we may say of co-operative industrial enterprise that it is a thing to which all will bid good speed, save perhaps a few owners of great establishments who have possession of some monopoly by combination of capital and by government favouritism. The influence of these, though strong in affecting legislation bearing on their privileges, would be small in any case where it was plain that they were in opposition to the labourer; therefore we may say that practically the sympathies of the whole community will be in favour of intelligent co-operative industrial enterprises.

"These enterprises require in the co-operative workmen the same steadiness in the pursuit, the same self-denial, the same willingness to forego present indulgence to lay up capital, which have enabled the labourer to become the capitalist and employer; and the same patience and pluck under the adversities which occasionally come upon all industries that the single capitalist must have to carry the business through these periods of depression and loss. In times of prosperity these co-operative workmen must have the providence to forego large dividends and an expanded scale of family expenditure, in order to accumulate ready capital to carry them through the intervals of adversity. From the beginning they must be content to allow a part of their earnings to accumulate in stock. Like the capitalists, they must be content to receive for their work only their food and clothes, while their savings go to increase their capital and their stock of machinery and materials. And they must have the patience to continue the same industrious co-operation in the periods when there are no profits and when they have to see the savings of their former earnings diminished.

"This is no more than to say that the co-operative workmen who are their own capitalists must have the same qualities of providence, steadiness, patience and pluck, that the single capitalist and employer must have. Co-operation, therefore, requires workmen of the best qualities; such qualities as will generally raise the single workman to the employer and capitalist. Society in general will bid good speed to co-operation which fosters these qualities in the workmen, and to all efforts to elevate the qualities of the labourers so as to make co-operation practicable. For to say that the improvident, indolent and unskilful labourers, who are content to live from hand to mouth, and whose highest aim is a contest with employers to cheat them out of a fair return for

their wages, can carry on any co-operative enterprise, is to say what no workman will believe. These are drones, who abuse the present labour unions, and tend to drag down all workmen to their level. Co-operative industry would find them its worst competitors, because in time of industrial depression their improvidence would leave them subject to any terms that capital might impose.

"As for successful co-operative enterprise, each individual workman will need to have the provident and stable qualities of the successful capitalist employer, so the interest of the co-operative workmen become the same as the single capitalist employer. Therefore, when the Labour Convention assumes that labour is in conflict with capital, and then resolves in favour of co-operation, it simply resolves that the workmen of the best qualities shall go over to the enemy. This is an inconsistency, however, which can be removed by correcting the erroneous notion that labour is in conflict with capital. We will instance some of the things in which the interests of co-operative establishments will be in conflict with what the labour unions assume to be the interests of labourers, and will be on the side of what they call the hostile interests of capital.

"Co-operative enterprise will at once make a breach in the eight-hour system, which the Labour Convention assumes to be the interest of the labourer against the employer. The object of the eight-hours scheme is to get as much wages for eight hours' work as for a whole day. Workmen who have the ordinary ambition to improve their condition will not be limited to eight hours' work in a day, if they can get pay in proportion for working ten or twelve. The profit of co-operative industry will be in proportion to its productiveness; therefore the co-operative can make more by working ten or twelve hours, and he will do it; and therefore all co-operative enterprises are breaches in the eight-hour system.

"The eight-hour scheme also expects to square the results of paying ten hours' wages for eight hours' work by making the consumer pay the increased cost, and by limiting production so as to compel him to. But it becomes the interest of the co-operative workmen to cheapen the cost of materials and subsistence and production in every way, to increase the consumption and their own profits. Thus generally the interests of the co-operative workmen become antagonistic to the interests of the labourer in general, if it be true, as seemed to be assumed by the Labour Convention, that labour is in conflict with capital.

"When the co-operative workmen become interested in all the results of the manufacture of a particular article, it becomes their interest to have all other processes cheapened which in any way enter into the cost of their production; and to have its market increase by increasing consumption. For example, the co-operative enterprise may be engaged in the manufacture of furniture. It then becomes the interest of the co-operative workmen to have all things that enter into their expenses furnished as cheaply as possible, in order that by reducing the cost of production they may extend their market and increase their profits. It becomes their interest to have all their materials, and their dwellings, subsistence and clothes, at a low cost. To this end they want cheap lumber, shops, machinery, paints, varnishes, etc., cheap building materials, cheap transportation, cheap building, cheap fuel, cheap provisions, and so on through all the articles of living and all

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the materials and elements of the cost of the article they are producing.

"Therefore the co-operative workmen will find all combinations to raise the price of materials, machinery, lumber, brick, brick-laying, plastering, carpentering, painting, plumbing, food, fuel, clothes, and so on, by raising the wages of workmen in all these things, contrary to his own interest, which is to buy cheaply everything that he has to buy, and to sell dearly everything he has to sell. Thus a resolution to encourage co-operative industrial enterprise is a resolution to create among workmen an interest hostile to the leading policy of labour unions, namely, to raise all wages and the cost of all production. One of these, therefore, must be an erroneous view of the interests of labourers. But this conflict of inconsiderate declarations brings into view the fact which is palpable to every workman who ever thinks, namely, that combinations to raise wages universally, neutralise themselves by raising every workman's cost of living in proportion to the advance of wages, and that no labour protective association can be effectual except when partial. When these protective associations become extended so as to embrace all labourers, then the protection is neutralised, and the result is that all have raised their expenses of living in proportion to their wages. This is the natural law to which all schemes of labour protection are subject.

"The working of this interest of co-operative industry may enable us to come at a clearer view of the true interests of labour, and its relation to capital. The Labour Convention does not see that it declares for an interest antagonistic to the labourer, when it declares for co-operative enterprise, and we maintain that it does not. But it is plain that co-operative workmen are simply combined capitalists, and that their interests are identical with those of all capital engaged in that branch of industry. This seems to show that the notion of an irrepressible conflict between capital and labour is an error. If we look at the thing we shall see that capital is the savings of labour, and that in general the capitalist, like the provident co-operative workman, has little but his food and clothes for his share, while the increase of his capital from further savings goes to extend his enterprises and thus to furnish more employment to labour.

"If there be no increase of capital there can be no increase of employment, and thus the increase of labourers would steadily depress their condition. A warfare upon capital, therefore, which aims to prevent its increase, and to restrict production, is a direct warfare on the labourer's employment. Thus it will be seen that the interests of capital invested in industrial enterprise and the interests of the labourer are identical. If the employer gets ten per cent. increase on his capital, his workmen have all the use and benefit of his capital, save of the fraction of ten per cent. If he invests this increase in extending his enterprise the workmen have the use and benefit of all his capital. He has only his board and clothes. He may live in a little better style than they, but he dies and carries nothing away with him; and if his capital remains in the industrial enterprise, the workmen enjoy it, while he has gone where it cannot follow him.

"And this will make plain that combinations to raise universally the cost of production, and to restrict production, are simply combinations of labourers against themselves. We will suppose that the

labourer is as successful and provident as the average capitalist and employer, and that he saves ten per cent. of his wages—a saving which will put him on the road to become a capitalist and employer. Then 90 per cent. of his wages goes for his consumption, to pay for dwelling, fuel, food, clothes, comforts, and so on; all of which are products of labour. Therefore, all the combinations he enters into to raise the wages of the work that produces these things are combinations to raise the cost of his own consumption and diminish the portion that he can save.

"The same benevolence that exhorts the labourer to co-operative enterprise will exhort him also to the skill, energy, stability, and frugality that enable workmen to become capitalists and employers. The notion that there is an antagonism between capital and labour assumes that the line between the capitalist and the labourer is fixed and impassable, and that the object of each class is to plunder the other. But co-operative workmen become capitalists, with interests the same as single capitalists and employers; therefore, when the Labour Convention declares for co-operation it virtually admits that it is wrong in the notion that capitalists and workmen are in antagonism. And the skilled, industrious, and frugal workman becomes singly a capitalist and employer; therefore, the just compensation of capital, instead of being antagonistic to him, holds out to him an object of ambition, and a chance to better his condition. The theory that labour is at war with capital assumes that capitalists and labourers are two distinct and fixed classes. It throws away the opportunities of superior individual skill, energy, and economy, and consents to accept the position and destiny of the average of all sorts, including the indolent, ignorant, and improvident, and to be held down by them, instead of rising by superior qualities. It consents to forego the individual ambition that is the right of all men, and to be tied down to the improvident masses; and then it joins them in combinations to raise the cost of their own consumption, in the foolish notion that it is waging warfare on capital."

Varieties.

THE BONES OF KING ALFRED.—According to Asser, the learned biographer and historian, Alfred the Great breathed his last on the 28th October, 900, at Wilton, and was buried in the Saxon nunnery in that town, upon the site of his own palace, in that year. Here he lay two years, and was then removed to Winchester Cathedral. He lay there but one year; then in the year 903 Archbishop Plegnred took up his body once more, and, laying it in a royal porphyry monument, bore it to the new minster in the same cathedral close, built by King Edward the Elder, his son, who paid a golden mark for every foot of land upon which it stood. Here it remained for a period of 209 years. This brings us to the year 1112, when the new minster was taken down, and re-erected just outside the city walls of Winchester, at a spot of ground then called Hyde Abbey, because the Beauclerk gave the monks, of whom there were twenty-four appointed to sing, "a whole hyde of land in a pleasant meadow surrounded by rows of willows, and also by four clear running streams of water." The Norman king gave them ample revenues and liberal charters for their good government, and rich grants of land in the county of Hants, for their own maintenance. So the Abbey of Hyde was finished in the short space of two years, and decorated with increased magnificence and becoming splendour. It had a splendid jewelled cross which Canute gave to the new minster, to be placed before the high altar, valued by Dugdale at no less than £4,864 13s. 4d. In order to show his respect for the monastery in which the good

Saxon king was to be last buried, King Henry I, with his queen and courtiers, assisted by Bishop Gifford, of Winchester, and all his clergy in white, carrying crucifixes and palm branches in their hands, went in a grand procession to take up the bodies of King Alfred, his queen, Alswitha, and two sons (Edward the Elder, also their youngest son), and laying them in new coffins of lead, wood, and stone, they bore them from the cathedral close, the walls of the new minster being all levelled now, to Hyde meadow, where in the year 1112 they lowered them into royal vaults prepared for them in the Abbey choir, before the high altar, and here in this latter Abbey Church they reposed for no less than 686 years in peace. But, in the year 1788, a Mr. Page rifled the tombs of all valuables, leaving these royal skeletons in the bottom of the vault, at a depth of six feet, coffinless and dishonoured, selling the lead from the coffins. Mr. Page was superintendent of a new Bridewell, then built on the spot, and since removed. The skeletons themselves were left untouched. Here, just where Mr. Page left them, they were found by Mr. John Mellor in 1866, with part of the royal sceptre, and pieces of ermine from the royal cape. The bones of this good Saxon king are now lying, with those of his pious queen and two sons, in a little brick vault in St. Bartholomew's Chapel Yard, Hyde Street, Winchester, where the late vicar placed them after they were found. Mr. Mellor has since added many circumstantial proofs which seem to leave little doubt as to the reality of the discovery of the very bones of the good and great Saxon king. Whether it is worth while to do further honour to the venerable relics we leave antiquaries to decide. At nearly a thousand years' distance, hardly any feeling except superstition could turn the bones to any profitable use. We are content with the general statement of history that Alfred is buried at Winchester. A proposal has indeed been made to rescue the remains of the great Saxon king from the brick vault where they now lie, and at least to put them into an ornamental sarcophagus, deposited aboveground, say in the Church of St. Bartholomew, which overlooks the once-celebrated Abbey where the king was originally buried. Why should this not be undertaken by the University of Oxford, which owes its first prosperity, if not its origin, to Alfred? Is there no public spirit in Brazenose or in University College for such a tribute of loyal honour to King Alfred?

PAUPERISM.—The number of persons in receipt of relief from the poor-rates in England and Wales was 927,239 at Michaelmas, 1868 ; 926,191 at Michaelmas, 1869 ; and 930,808 at Michaelmas, 1870. This last number shows an increase of 0·4 per cent. over 1868, and of 0·5 per cent. over 1869. In the metropolis the numbers at these three dates were 131,610, 128,577, and 128,403 ; so that the number of paupers in the metropolis at Michaelmas, 1870, was 2·4 per cent. less than in 1868, and 0·1 per cent. less than in 1869. The chief decrease shown in the return for Michaelmas, 1870, is in the north-western division, consisting of Lancashire and Cheshire. In the metropolis, at Michaelmas, 1870, there were 128,403 persons receiving relief from the rates, a number considerably greater than that in the north-western division, which has a larger population. All the numbers stated in this return are about 3·3 per cent. less than the real numbers, in consequence of vagrants and lunatic paupers in asylums and licensed houses not being included.

MONEY.—When I look at our immense resources, and consider the spirit of our people, I feel that all the splendid dreams of our poets will fall short of the glorious reality. There are fortunes to be made in this country yet, in comparison with which those at the present day will fall into insignificance. The time will come when the possession of a million dollars will not be considered enough to entitle a man to take rank among the rich of our land. This prospect is a source of pleasure to me, and I say, in view of it, 'Get money at any price short of a sacrifice of your manhood and personal honour.' People who take ground against riches are generally without any themselves. It is true that wealth may be a power for evil in the land, but there is nothing in the nature of things that necessitates that.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

A SERMON TO COURTIERS.—A reformed pastor at Amsterdam a century ago, who was famous for boldness and humour, being once at the Hague, was greatly importuned by the wits about the court of the Stadholder to preach the next Sunday. He finally consented, on condition that they should all attend and take no offence ; and giving as his text the account of Philip and the officer of Queen Candace, he announced the following plan of discourse :—“I find in this narrative four subjects of astonishment which go on increasing the one upon the other. 1. A courtier who reads the Scriptures. 2. A courtier who acknowledges his ignorance, which is more surprising still. 3. A courtier who asks his inferior to instruct him, which must cause

a redoubled surprise. 4. And that this surprise may reach its climax, a courtier who is converted.”—*Broadus on the Preparation of Sermons.*

MOTTOES OF CITY COMPANIES.—Of the eighty-one livery companies of the City, twenty-one have no motto, and nineteen either “Hope in God” or “Trust in Him.” The Drapers have “Unto God only be honour and glory.” Of the remainder, we select a few of the most appropriate :—The Armourers, “Make all sure ;” the Butchers, “Omnia subiecisti sub pedibus oves et boves” (Thou hast put all things under His feet ; all sheep and oxen) ; the Clockmakers, “Tempus rerum imperator” (Time, the governor of all things) ; the Distillers, “Drop as rain, distil as dew ;” the Founders, “God the only Founder ;” the Fruiterers, “Arbor vita Christus ; fructus per fidem gustamus” (Christ is the tree of life ; we eat the fruit by faith) ; the Glaziers, “De nobis lucem Domine” (Give us light, O Lord) ; the Haberdashers, “Serve and obey ;” the Smiths, “By hammer and hand all arts do stand ;” the Saddlers, “Hold fast, sit sure ;” the Salters, “Sal sapit omnia” (Salt seasons all things) ; the Tallow Chandlers, “Quae arguuntur a lumine manifestantur” (All things which are discovered are made manifest by the light) ; the Weavers, “Weave truth with trust ;” the Wire-drawers, “Amicitiam trahit amor” (Love draws friendship).—*City Press.*

UNITED STATES POST OFFICES.—In the United States the Post Office costs the nation little short of £5,000,000 a year, while the returns are slightly under £4,000,000, leaving a deficit of nearly £1,000,000. The Postmaster-General expects that the deficit will be changed to a surplus by the abolition of franking by members of Congress. In this country we do not spend nearly so much, while we make considerably more. The charge of our Post Office, excluding that of the Packet Service,—an item which also is not brought into the American account—is about £2,400,000, and even if we add £1,000,000 for the Packets, the sum total would be £1,100,000 less than that of the gross receipts, which amount to £4,500,000. The fact is the Americans have enormous distances to deal with, and the conveyance of the mails becomes expensive in proportion. A letter sent from New York to San Francisco is carried 3,907 miles for its single stamp, and the aggregate distances travelled last year amount, we are told, to nearly a hundred million of miles. At the same time, an extremely liberal policy is pursued with reference to the carriage of newspapers and printed matter, which, though far exceeding letters in bulk and weight, are conveyed for a far smaller payment. It is not, however, to be supposed that the postal tariff in America is actually lower than our own. The contrary is the case, but then the Post Office does so much more for the money that the result is a loss rather than a gain. Thus, on the whole, the Americans pay four millions for a service costing nearly five ; we pay four millions and a half for work which costs three and a half.

STAMPS.—The annual official return published by the Inland Revenue shows that during the year ended the 31st of March, 1870, 35,564 probates of will, letters of administration, and testamentary inventories were taxed, amounting to £1,015,470; 5,540,973 inland and 3,040,169 foreign bills of exchange; 36,550 bankers' notes, and 146,049,040 penny receipt stamps for draughts and other documents. No account is kept of the number of stamps for marine insurances, which produced last year £86,936. A total of 13,597 certificates were issued to attorneys, 1,147 to bankers, 66 to conveyancers, and 12,143 licences to drivers of metropolitan public carriages, as well as 8,333 marriage certificates. Patent medicines produced £72,333 in way of duty ; legacies and successions, £2,970,769 ; fire insurances, £465,010 ; and playing cards £12,303, the sum collected on 984,210 packs. A duty of 17s. per ounce for gold and 1s. 6d. for silver plate is charged for all manufactured in Great Britain and Ireland, and the sum derived from this source amounted to £66,039. The stamps for divorce and matrimonial causes were 16,304 in number, and produced £3,244 ; for Admiralty Court fees 22,565, producing £8,807 ; 108,910 for patents for inventions, producing £121,329. The companies' registration fees produced £9,496 ; the record of title fees, £38 ; land registry fees, £1,335 ; common law court fees, £91,433 ; public record fees, £720 ; Copyhold Enclosure and Tithe Commission, £9,011 ; Bankruptcy Court, £64,602 ; Law Fund (Ireland), £9,549 ; Chancery Fund (Ireland), £4,519 ; Judgments Registry Fund (Ireland), £3,324 ; Civil Bill Fund (Ireland), £13,678 ; Registration of Deeds (Ireland), £11,355. The aggregate amount of revenue of the Inland Revenue Department collected in stamps amounted to £9,532,878, compared with £9,505,238 in 1869, thus representing an increase, because, though the stamp duty on fire insurance was repealed on and after the 25th of June, 1869, the Bankruptcy Court and Chancery Court fee stamps in England became revenue on and after the 1st of October, 1869.

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